

ARMY SONGS

OH, TURN YE!

Tunes—My Jesus, I love Thee, 185;
Oh, turn ye, 199.
Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why
will ye die.
When God in great mercy is draw-
ing so high?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit
says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

How vain the delusion that while
your heart may grow better by stay-
ing away!
Come wretched come starving, come
just as you be.
While streams of Salvation are
flowing so free.

Why will you be starving and feed-
ing on air?
There's mercy in Jesus; enough and
to spare!
If still you are doubting, make trial
and see.
And prove that His mercy is bound-
less and free.

Come, give us your hand, and the
Saviour your heart.
And, trusting in Jesus, we never
shall part.
Oh, how can we leave you? Why
will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be
at home.

HE CALLED ME OUT

Tune—He called me out, 195.
Long in darkness and doubt did I
wander from God,
Just the slave of myself and of sin,
And I saw not the hell at the end of
the road,
Nor the danger I daily was in.

Chorus

He called me out of darkness into
light.

Oh, the world of the future was
naught to my heart.
And the claims of my God I
ignored.

While in no life but this had my soul
any part,
Till I knelt at the feet of my Lord.

When I fully surrendered my life
and my all
To my Saviour, His ever to be,
On my life all the light of His Spirit
did fall.
And the next world I plainly could
see.

HE DIED FOR ME

Tunes—Ye banks and braes, 121;
Mounth, 9; Song Book, 229.
And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's Blood?
Died He for me who caused His
pain?
For me who Him to death pur-
sued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die
for me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's
night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray:
I woke the dungeon flamed with
light!
My chains fell off, my heart was
free,
I rose, went forth, and followed
Thee.

THE BRITISH ARMY'S
FELLOWSHIP WITH FRANCE

(Continued from Page 15)
of France with his kindly "Cheer
On" his passion for washing, his
love for the children, and inveterate
gaiter. France knows our High-
landers now—have not the grands
couteurs taken fashion hints from
their "beribboned bonnets and dan-
cing girl's petticoats"?

Paris journals of to-day show En-
tente bivouacs at the front with an
extraordinary medley of troops—
enthusiasts and dragoons, London
Scottish and Canadians, Australians
and Maoris, Zouaves and Spahis
from the Atlas in red robes and tur-
bans, French airmen and staff inter-
preters, with heavy howitzer men
from Woolwich, a group of the Irish
Guards and a chaplain who was
once librarian in a classic Oxford
college. Such a gathering as this
makes up the international "Sincere-
ness of temperament and taste.
"Celeste Aida" is filled by an ex-
quisite tenor of the Paris Opera.
Then Algerian or Moor obliges with
love songs of the desert sung to har-
monic strains. The Audès follow
out, and give place in turn to a Coo-
ney ventriloquist or a rhapsody in
Gaelic from a man of Kerry or Con-
naught.

Then there is the question of lan-
guage, which makes Tommy flap his
arms and crow in the farmyard to
let the startled housewife know his
need of eggs. Restaurants and shops
do their best to cater for our sol-
diers. Quick wit and expressive sign
gesture on both sides do much to
break down the language barrier,
but the fact remains that our British
genius is not strong in this respect.
Strange to say, our Allies find it
greater difficulty with their English.

The result is the quaintest inter-
course in billets. Here host and
guests sit with phrase book and dic-
tionary, conversing by putting a fin-
ger on question or answer, and that
with a patience which brings its own
reward.

French soldiers nursed in British
hospitals make heroic and very
touching efforts to express their
thanks. And this reminds us of our
undertaken by Mrs. Harley, Lord
Frederick's sister, in the ancient Abbey
of Royaumont, which was turned into
an auxiliary hospital.

By degrees the British line grows
longer, and the process of taking
over new positions from the French
is one of singular interest and
friendly commerce. Our Allies
"spring-clean" the trenches they are
handing over, well knowing our
passion in this respect. They lay
brick floors and line crumbling chalk
walls with branches kept in place
with rabbit netting. Bomboop pits
are freshly whitewashed, trench
signs repainted.

Our relieving forces exchange
souvenirs with their French coun-
terparts, giving cigarettes and jam,
receiving rings made from German
fuses, or little carvings in wood or
chalk. "I commend to you my pet
mouse," said the French colonel
gaily to his British colleague. "He's
large enough to sit on the table at
dinner and be fed by hand." So in
trifles, as in greater things, the in-
terests of the two nations are now
completely interwoven. King George
himself has voiced the British Em-
pire with regard to the abiding
nature of this new community of
interests.

"It is a source of unfailing gratifi-
cation to me," says our King, in a
memorable telegram to "President
Poincaré, that the two peoples are
bound together by ties which the
heroism and sacrifices of our gallant
soldiers and sailors have rendered
indissoluble." "Windsor."

WE ARE
Looking For You

*We will search for missing persons in any part
of the globe, and, if you do not know
exactly where to look, we will find it for you.
We will also find you if you are missing.
We will also find you if you are missing.
We will also find you if you are missing.*

One Dollar should be sent with every card, where
possible, to help defray expenses. In case of re-
fusal, no charge made.

Officers, soldiers, and civilians are requested to
write to the Editor, regularly through the Military
Column, and to the Editor, regularly through the
Information Column, and to the Editor, regularly
through the Information Column.

WILLIAM BELLITT, 1951, Height 5
ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair complexion,
dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth, last heard
of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's, Nfld.
Catholic, was formerly a stoker on H.M.S.
"Orlando," when written last mail was
sent to the Coast Guard.

JAMES RUSSELL, alias RIGGITT, 1951,
Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair complexion,
dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth, last heard
of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's, Nfld.
Catholic, was formerly a stoker on H.M.S.
"Orlando," when written last mail was
sent to the Coast Guard.

EDWARD BOW-
WOOD, 1951, Height 5
ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair complexion,
dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth, last heard
of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's, Nfld.
Catholic, was formerly a stoker on H.M.S.
"Orlando," when written last mail was
sent to the Coast Guard.

GEORGE HARRY MUDLOW, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

CHARLES GILBERT STYKE, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

ROGER GRANT AND WIFE, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

HERBERT MANTAGU WATSON, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

ELLEN (or Nellie) SHANNON, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

CHARLES HENRY BAUNDER, No.
1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in., age about 14, fair
complexion, dark hair, eyes, nose, mouth,
last heard of Jan. 15, 1915, at St. John's,
Nfld. Catholic, was formerly a stoker on
H.M.S. "Orlando," when written last mail
was sent to the Coast Guard.

HARRY TUCKER, No. 1951, Height 5 ft. 7 in.,
age about 14, fair complexion, dark hair,
eyes, nose, mouth, last heard of Jan. 15,
1915, at St. John's, Nfld. Catholic, was
formerly a stoker on H.M.S. "Orlando,"
when written last mail was sent to the
Coast Guard.

FRANCIS E. ORR, 5 ft. 7 in., tall,
light complexion, blue eyes, age 37. He
went to British Columbia six years ago,
brother is dead in the General Hospital,
Toronto, anxiously enquiring.

LIVERPOOL JOE

"If It's Our Luck, Let's Be Captains
in The Army."

Liverpool Joe is only ten, and is
one of four children deserted by
their father when he disappeared
from the Merseyside. Joe's mother
lives in a slum, 'tis true, but she toils
early and late to provide food for
the little ones, toils, that is, except
when, now and again, she flies in
despair to the beer bottle.

In the Army meetings, which the
Slum Officers conduct, Joe has
learned to pray, and when he prays
for mother he usually adds this line:
"May the pubs be closed for ever!"
One night Joe went out to the Peni-
tent Farm, and this was his appeal:
"O God, bless me and my mate;
make us good boys; and, if it's our
luck, let's be Captains in The Army
when we grow up!"

It is slow climbing for Joe, for he
has had no moral training. One
day he so far forgot himself as to
steal some carrots for his mother
from a cart in the road, but im-
mediately he remembered he raved back
with the vegetables. Yes, there is
hope for Joe!

COMING EVENTS

COMMR. RICHARDS

Temple—August 16. Installation of
Colonel and Mrs. McMillan (new
Chief Secretaries).

St. John's (Nfld.)—August 24-30.
Officers' Councils.

Dildo—August 31.
Caribou—September 1.

Bay Roberts—September 2-3.

(Accompanied by Brigadier Green
and the Divisional Commander.)

All Guards and Scouts are expected
to be present at these meetings in
full uniform.

LIUT.-COL. and MRS. CHAND-
LER—Huntsville, Aug. 19-20;
Bracebridge, Aug. 21; Orillia,
Aug. 22; Midland, Aug. 23-24;
Barrie, Aug. 25; Collingwood,
Aug. 26-27; Dunnville, Sept. 23;
Bramford, Sept. 16-18.

BRIG. ADBY—Dovercourt, Aug. 21.

BRIG. and MRS. MOREHEN—
Quebec City, Aug. 1-21.

BRIG. BELL—Ottawa 1, Sept. 23;
Fredericton, Sept. 3; St. John
Sept. 6-7; Sussex, Sept. 8; Mon-
ton, Sept. 9-10; Amherst, Sept. 11;
Springhill, Sept. 12; Parrboro,
Sept. 13; Newcasle, Sept. 14;
Campbellton, Sept. 16-17; Mon-
real 2 (United), Sept. 19; Mon-
real 1 (United), Sept. 20; Con-
wall, Sept. 21; Kapanea, Sept. 22;
Kingston, Sept. 23-24.

MAJOR MOORE—Hampson Aug.
26-27.

COMMISSIONER SOWTON
Winnipeg—1 September 17.
Moose Jaw—September 20.
Vernon—September 23-24.
Nelson—September 27.
Ferne—September 29.
(Mrs. Sowton will accompany)

LIUT.-COL. TURNER
(Territorial Secretary)

Prince Rupert—August 21.
Glen Vowell—August 22.
Winnipeg—August 23.
Port Arthur—September 1.
Brandon—September 17.
Portage la Prairie—September 24.

BRIG. McLEAN—Vancouver 3
Aug. 20.

Staff-Captain Sims—Cranbrook,
Aug. 18-20.

Staff-Captain G. Smith—Nanaimo,
Aug. 20.

EYES FRONT!

To All Field Officers

If you want your Soldiers who
have enlisted in the service of the
King to be sheltered and looked
after while in Canadian Training
Camps, be sure—

1. To send full name.
2. Number of Battalion.
3. Number of Company.

This will ensure your Soldiers be-
ing found and spiritually helped
after to be sheltered and looked
after while in Canadian Training
Camps, be sure—

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2. Number of Battalion.
3. Number of Company.

THE
WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.
Canada East Headquarters:
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

33rd Year, No. 48. Bramwell Booth, General. W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Two Cents



COLONEL AND MRS. McMILLAN

The Newly Appointed Chief Secretary and Wife for Canada East

Barriehead—Edwige Smith, Sal-
vation Army, 709 Sydney Street,
Kingston, Ontario.

General Order

HARVEST FESTIVAL

The Annual Harvest Festival Effort will take place throughout the Canada East Territory from Saturday, September 16th to Wednesday, September 20th.

After Saturday, August 26th, no special effort or demonstration for the raising of money (except on behalf of the Harvest Festival Fund) must take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed. Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

W. J. RICHARDS,
Commissioner.

Gazette

Promotion:—
Lieutenant Leonard Hunt, to be Captain.

W. J. RICHARDS,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, New South Wales, Victoria, and Alaska, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Albert St., Toronto.

Keep the Fires Burning

The war drags on into its third year, still growing more horrible in the intensity and ferociousness of the fighting, and the deepening of international hatreds. The very immensity of the conflict staggers and perplexes mankind, and many are seeking from all manner of sources answers to the questions that arise in their mind. "Is it Armageddon?" they ask. "Is it the last great war?" "Will the peace that follows be a lasting one?" "What are these tremendous events portending?"

That some people are getting hopelessly mixed up is evident from the reported declaration of a street corner preacher in Toronto. The Kaiser was referred to in the Bible, he said, being described as a king of abhorrent stature, with grey hair and a withered arm. His fate was prophesied likewise, for he would be sent to an island, where he would hang himself.

That the Bible does throw light upon present world conditions no one will deny, but it is a highly dangerous experiment to start to interpret its prophecies to fit in with our own ideas, and to teach men to make foolish fancies. Let us steer clear of this rock, and humbly seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in attempting to understand what God has said regarding His plans and purposes for this world. "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth . . . and He will show you things to come."

And undoubtedly the greatest lesson He would have us learn in times like these is not to be over-curious or fearful of what is going to happen in the future, but to keep the love of God burning brightly in our souls, so that we can comfort those that mourn, help the distressed, and lead souls into the light. A warning to God's people, which perhaps has special reference to these days, is contained in the verse: "And because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall grow cold."

The constant reading about deeds (Concluded on Page 16)

Winnipeg VIII. New Hall Opened by COMMISSIONER SOWTON



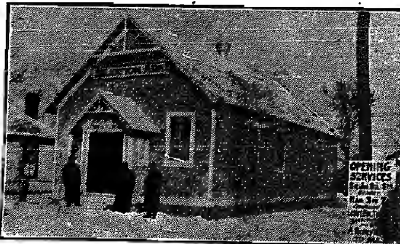
Hall of Winnipeg VIII., opened by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton on August 6th. The Building was erected by Captain Leksos.

SOME years ago, with usual Salvation Army foresight, Headquarters purchased a lot which was then in a distant suburb of the city of Winnipeg; but, on account of the rapid growth of the city and the advancement of its centre, this lot is now situated within three-quarters of a mile of the city's hub, and in the centre of a thickly-populated residential district.

On this lot a very suitable building has, for the past few months, been in the course of erection, and under the able direction of Captain Leksos, the builder, the work has been brought to a successful issue. The Captain has given the advantage of all his experience to make the building suitable for our purposes, and no detail has missed his thought, and down to such small things as hooks for a lantern sheet, the building is in every way complete. The accompanying picture very inadequately describes the building, with its stained windows, beautiful graining work, and splendid lighting system.

August 6th was the date fixed for the opening of the Hall, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton came for the purpose. They were supported by Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor, Territorial Headquarters Staff, other Officers, and the Citadel Boys' Band.

A fine crowd filled the Hall at 3.15 p.m., as the Commissioner rose to give the suitable opening song, "My Heart is Fixed, Eternal God"; and Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Turner and



Winnipeg VII., opened last January. It will be seen that Canada West is making good progress in the way of building Halls.

Brigadier Taylor prayed God's richest blessing upon the opening. Following the second song, the Divisional Commander extended a welcome to the audience and to the Commissioner, and, amid applause, the Commissioner rose to the rail. After a few explanations he dedicated the new Hall for the glory of God, the Salvation of souls, and the blessing of His people.

The Boys' Band well-played selection over, the Commissioner dedicated Captain and Mrs. Hal Beckett to the work of pioneering the new district, and, under the folds of the Army Flag, they stood as Mrs. Brigadier Taylor prayed for their success. The new Officers both gave a word of testimony, after which Captain Sowton soloed and taught the audience the chorus, "Jesus is Real to Me."

Mrs. Sowton gave a short address, and the Commissioner very well pictured from Acts 3 that we had to offer the neighbourhood what Peter and John had to offer the man at the Gate Beautiful. A rousing open-air gave impetus to the night's meeting. The Hall was crowded, and many extra seats having been secured, some still had to stand, and the meeting was throbbing with inspiration. The attention of the crowd was marked, and as Mrs. Sowton read and spoke, one could see the faces of the audience moved by her telling words. Other speakers were Mrs. Colonel Turner and Major Delaney. The Commissioner then ably expounded the striking text of the Psalms which (Concluded on Page 12)

PERSONALIA

TERRITORIAL

CANADA EAST

Commissioner Mapp will not be leaving Canada for England now until August 31st, owing to an alteration in the sailing dates.

The Chief Secretary will conduct meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, August 27th. On the following Sunday he will lead the services at the Temple.

Brigadier Phillips, Assistant at the Toronto Training College, has been loaned to the Canada West Territory for a short period to inaugurate the Training system there. The Brigadier and Mrs. Phillips will be leaving Toronto early in September.

A cable has been received from Colonel Gaskin stating that he and Mrs. Gaskin have arrived safe and well in England.

Lieut-Colonel Rees conducted the wedding of Bandman Ford and Sister Gould at the Toronto (Toronto) on Thursday, August 17th.

Brigadier Adby will conduct the wedding of Captain Clayton, of the Editorial Department, and Ensign McLean, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, at the Hamilton Citadel on Tuesday, August 20th.

We regret to hear that the father of Brigadier Bettridge is seriously ill. The prayers of comrades are requested on his behalf.

Major Barr, of St. John Division, is in Toronto on business this week.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wallace conducted the meetings at Burnham Industrial Farm last Sunday, and on the day following visited Surgeon Falls for the purpose of seeing some children placed with foster-parents by the Army.

Adjutant and Mrs. Tyndall were at Thornhill Industrial Farm on Sunday last, and Adjutant Patterson and Mrs. Captain Lyle at Mimico.

Mrs. Adjutant Church recently accompanied Sister Mrs. May of the Toronto League of Mercy, to the Mercer Reformatory. A very touching and impressive service resulted in eight seeking Salvation.

Captain and Mrs. Carter, of Port of Grave, Nfld., welcomed a baby boy to their home on July 12th.

Captain Friesen, who was recently appointed to Bermuda, arrived there, where we are sorry to hear, in a high fever. He is making a favourable recovery, however.

Lieutenant Dolson has been transferred to Canada West.

During Exhibition time in Toronto, at Camp 26th Division, where he met not only the Indians of that village, but also comrades from Metlakatla, Port Simpson, and other places.

Adjutant Halpern and Captain Leake are in charge of the Work in Port Essington during the fishing season.

It has been definitely decided by International Headquarters that Brigadier and Mrs. Phillips, from (Concluded on Page 16)

CANADA WEST

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton are at present on a short furlough in the East. Our Leaders are expected back early in September.

Word has been received that Lieut-Colonel Turner, the Territorial Secretary, had a splendid weekend with our Indian comrades at Port Essington, where he met not only the Indians of that village, but also comrades from Metlakatla, Port Simpson, and other places.

Adjutant Halpern and Captain Leake are in charge of the Work in Port Essington during the fishing season.

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WELCOME TO NEW CHIEF SECRETARY THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts Enthusiastic Gathering in the Toronto Temple — Representative Speakers Express Warm Sentiments of Canadian Salvationists

A MOST enthusiastic and hearty Canadian welcome was accorded Colonel and Mrs. McMillan at the Toronto Temple on Wednesday evening, August 16th, the Commissioner presiding over the gathering, supported by Headquarters Staff and representatives of the Divisions, Men's and Women's Social Work, and City Corps.

The new Chief Secretary and his wife made an excellent impression: walking right into the hearts of all comrades by their straightforward simplicity of manner and expression and their most evident sincerity of purpose. They are splendid types of the Colonial Salvationist; the Colonel, bluff, breezy, and humorous, yet transparently religious to the core; and his good wife a woman of kindly heart and deep feeling, with an ever-present consciousness of the reality of God's care and guidance for His children.

Cordial Welcome Speeches

The welcome speeches from various comrades were full of the spirit of cordial good-will, mingled with strong desire for the further advance of the Army in Canada, as a result of the blessing of God upon the labours of our new Chief Secretary and his wife.

Lieut-Colonel Chandler and Mrs. Brigadier Bell led the gathering in prayer, fervently petitioning that the Spirit might be poured out and that all hearts might be stirred and blessed and strengthened for the fight against evil.

Ensign Weeks, of Toronto I, greeted the Colonel on behalf of the Field Officers and assured him of hearty co-operation in all plans for the further extension of God's Kingdom.

Major Barr, of the St. John Division, spoke of his early recollections of the Colonel. "I believe he has come back to us," he said, "with his heart right and his head square to lead us on to victory. God bless him!"

The Women's Social Work was represented by Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Rees, who, in a neat little speech, conveyed a welcome, paid a tribute to the workers under her direction, and gave assurance of their loyal assistance in carrying out whatever instructions might be given them for the advancement of God's Work.

Tribute From Old Friend

Brigadier Rawling was rich in reminiscences of his former acquaintance with the Chief Secretary and his subsequent meeting with him in England four years ago.

"Canadian Salvationists are always ready to welcome men and women who come to help us," he said. "We are in need of good men and women, and such, I believe, are Colonel and Mrs. McMillan, and I am glad to extend to them the hearty

best of welcomes to the Land of the Maple Leaf."

The Local Officers and Soldiers had a representative speaker in the person of Treasurer Langdon, of the Temple Corps. "I hope your stay here will be successful," he said, "and that we may witness further advances in the building up and extension of The Salvation Army. To see The Army going forward in goodness and numbers is the earnest desire and ambition of its Local Officers and Soldiers."

Brigadier Bettridge was loudly cheered as he rose to represent the Young People of Canada East. He extended a very hearty welcome to Colonel and Mrs. McMillan because they were of the same heavenly family, and he was sure of their sterling Salvationism. Said he, the Colonel was saved in The Salvation Army, sanctified in its ranks, and then called to be an Officer; therefore, he could not do other than pledge, on behalf of the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards and the Young People, confidence and co-operation, and he believed that God would make their united efforts successful. The Brigadier also extended a welcome to the Colonel's two daughters, and wished them, with their parents, good health, long life, and much happiness.

A Vast Addition

The Editor, in a very happy vein, extended a welcome on behalf of the large circle of "War Cry" readers. "I believe," he said, "that you will be a vast addition to the fighting forces of our Army in Canada, and this faith is built on several foundation facts. First, you were converted in Canada and trained for Army service in Canada. Then you went away to Australia and achieved distinction there by your Godliness, zeal, and ability. Anyone who can do that must have something in him, and I am confident that as you have made good in the great land of Australia, so you will continue to display the same qualities that make for success in Army service, and be an inspiration and help to the forces in Canada."

The Commissioner had some very kind things to say about his new Chief Secretary. He likened him to three persons in the Bible. The first was Onesiphorus, whom Paul commended for his kindly disposition. He had observed that Colonel McMillan possessed this attribute, as evidenced when he (the Commissioner) had paid a visit to Australia some years ago.

Secondly, he could be likened to Josiah, who sought the God of his father at an early age. The Colonel had been converted when only thirteen. In the third place, he was like Hecuba, in that whatever he put his hand to he did it with all his might and prospered.

"The Colonel," said the Commissioner, "is an enthusiastic worker for the Salvation of the people, and I believe that he has come among us with a deep desire to help humanity."

Linking the Dominions

He concluded with a graceful tribute to Mrs. McMillan, saying that he was glad the Colonel had an Australian for his wife, as it served to link together the two great Dominions in one-ness of spirit and purpose.

A spontaneous outburst of cheering greeted the Chief Secretary as he rose to speak.

"It was one of the greatest surprises of my life to receive an appointment to Toronto," he said. "I never aspired to such an honour, but I accept the appointment as from God, and thank Him for leading us this way."

"I might say that after we received orders to farewell, and before we knew where we were going, Mrs. McMillan and myself were willing to go to any part of The Army battlefield. We were very glad, however, when we learned that we were still to be stationed under the good old British flag."

He went on to speak of his early associations with Toronto, when he was one of a band of Cadets attached to the Temple Corps.

"Twenty years is quite a bit out of a man's life," he said, "and during that time I have formed many new ideas and lost many old prejudices. I sincerely hope that I am a better man for it, in looking back over the past I can truly say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' I have no new story to tell, or any new Gospel to preach; but I have returned to this land with the old spirit of desperation in attacking sin and telling people that the Blood of Jesus Christ saves from all sin."

Greetings from Australia

He brought the greetings of old Canadian comrades in Australia, and had good reports to tell of their do-

ings in that part of the world. He also expressed great delight in the tone of the welcome address given, and assured the audience he would try to live up to the example that Canadians had in The General and the Chief of the Staff, who appointed him.

"It may mean a lot of hard and laborious work," he said, "but I am prepared for it, in order that the Kingdom of God may be extended, and to verify the faith The General had in Mrs. McMillan and myself when appointing us to Canada."

Impressions of Commissioner

He was pleased to be associated with Commissioner and Mrs. Richards, and referred to meeting the Commissioner in Australia. The impression formed then still lingered, and was expressed in the words: "My! don't he move quick!" The decision had been verified when attending meetings conducted by the Commissioner, and observing the enthusiasm displayed, and the crowds of men and women that would line the Penitent Form. Colonel closed his address by thanking the Commissioner, Headquarters Staff for their sentiments, and hoped that the good would be accomplished at their united efforts.

Mrs. McMillan's first words were, "I am almost sorry that I am not a Canadian, as they are such very nice people." Canada had been associated with her life in many ways. It was through reading the words, "The way of the Cross is the way of life," written by the late Staff-Captain Kinton, an old Canadian Officer, that had led her to decide to be an Officer, and the first time Officer she met from Canada had become her husband.

Grateful and Confident

She felt a deep gratitude to God for His goodness to her, and, although, when leaving the shores of Australia, it seemed as though all that was dear was left behind, her confidence was in God. "Vikie" had not failed in one of His good promises. Australians are not quite strangers, and great sorrows manifested by Salvationists in that land when Canada passed through dark trial some two years ago. Her address was full of hope for the future, and her determination was to see the Kingdom of God advance on every hand.

Mrs. Commissioner Richards then prayed that the rich blessing of God might rest on the Colonel and his wife, and the Commissioner brought the meeting to a close by pronouncing the Benediction.

The Riverside and Dovercourt Bands and the Dovercourt Songsters rendered selections during the meeting, and Brigadier Owen sang a solo.

VICTORIOUS WEEK-END FIGHTING

Woman Kneels at Drum-Head—Indian Comrades Testify—Many Souls Surrender

DIVISIONAL COMMANDER

Leads On—A Number of Souls

The meetings at Regina, Sask., on Sunday, July 30th, were conducted by Major and Mrs. Combs. In the Holiness meeting the Major led a very bright testimony meeting. A sister who was converted at Toronto 1. a number of years ago, and now lives away on a homestead, was in the meeting, and she testified to God's wonderful love there.

Band Secretary and Mrs. McNeill, of Saskatoon, were with us, and the Secretary's singing was a means of blessing. The afternoon Free-and-Easy was interesting, for the Major related to us various incidents from various parts of the Saskatchewan Division.

The Salvation meeting was well attended. Mrs. Adjutant Habik spoke a few words, as did Mrs. Combs. The Major spoke very earnestly about "The Pool of Salvation," and after a very earnest appeal, a number of souls were to be seen kneeling at the Cross seeking Salvation. "Dad" Cook, who was converted here about twenty-five years ago and who has been paying us a visit for a time, interwove his go back to his present Corps, viz.: Vancouver IV. God bless him!—S.

GIVEN GOOD RECEPTION

Bandmen Say Good-bye to Corps

Ensign J. Wright, of Edmonton I, paid a visit to his former Corps—Vancouver I—on Sunday, Aug. 6th. He was heartily welcomed by his comrades. He conducted the Sunday evening meeting, and gave a stirring address on the great invitation: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." At the close of his address one young woman, after a considerable struggle, accepted the call.

A feature of the meeting was the saving good-byes of our four comrades who are going overseas—Bandman John Wilson (railroaders), Bandman Fred Marriott (farmers), Brother Minto (forsters), and Brother J. Fleming (133rd Battalion)—G. A.

SIX SURRENDER

A Wonderful Day—Good Meetings

On Sunday, Aug. 6th, at Edmonton III, we had a most wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit upon us. In the Holiness meeting comrades were helped and inspired by a heart-stirring talk from Captain Mundy; every one felt the nearness of God. The open-air in the afternoon was at a time of blessing. We had with us two Corps Cadets from Canmore, whose sweet singing and music was greatly appreciated throughout the day.

At night the Hall was well filled, and we had a real, old-fashioned Salvation meeting. Captain Mundy was ably assisted by Captain Dry, who read the lesson, and talked straight home to the hearts of the unsaved. At the close of the meeting six souls sought and found Christ.

THE GOOD OLD STORY

Told in the Indian Language

On Friday night, July 26th, at Selkirk, we had the wind-up of our "Red and Blue" Competition in the form of a Junior Social. The children turned out fine strong, but ere the evening had fairly begun a terrific thunder and lightning storm caused our numbers to disperse, leaving an unfinished programme and many unfinished treats. The contest secured for us some sixteen new scholars, and the decision rendered between Reds and Blues was a "draw."

On Friday afternoon of the 26th, the Officers conducted the funeral service of the first-born son of Brother and Sister John Rundle, Indian comrades in Christ from Fisher River.

Sunday's meetings, both morning and afternoon, were times of blessing. We were pleased to have with us Sister Mrs. Scott from Winnipeg. A sister's interest was added to our meetings by the testimonies of two visiting Indian brothers, who told the old story in their native tongue. As many natives attended our services, the words were appreciated.—Nimrod.

HOME LEAGUE

Is Re-organized—Officers Receive Good Reception

We have recently welcomed to Lethbridge our new Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Muttart, and are expecting great blessings from God through them. We enjoy the Ensign's Holiness talks and his singing with guitar accompaniment.

Eleven of our Band have enlisted, yet we still have a Band of ten. We are praying for each of the dear lads who have gone, and trust that they may be spared to return to home and loved ones.

On Aug. 2nd the Home League held an ice cream social on the lawn of Senior Sergeant-Major Tulloch, which all the Corps and a few friends enjoyed. The Band gave several selections. Sisters Mrs. Dawson and Tulloch, with Mrs. Ensign Muttart, have re-organized the Home League. The Ensign, with a few comrades, visits the Provincial Jail every Sunday. Although the weather is hot, the services are being well attended. Two comrades have come forward to consecrate themselves to God and His war.—L.

VISITORS SINGING

Treasure Wellman's Efforts Are Appreciated

Edmonton II, is progressing under the leadership of Captain A. Paxman and Lieutenant Pasmore. On Sunday, July 23rd, Treasurer Willman, from Red Deer, was with us; his singing both in the open-air and inside meetings was much appreciated. At night five new souls were enrolled, after which Captain Paxman gave an earnest address. A number raised their hand for irrevocable Officers and Soldiers are praying earnestly that God's blessing

WEEK OF VICTORY

A Conversation at the Drum-head

We have had the pleasure of blessing crowds of people at Saskatoon recently. The Annual Exhibition drew people from all parts, and being alive to our opportunities, we made the most of them. Open-air meetings were held each night. The people listened very attentively, and more and more we saw the tears fall while numbers were convicted. On Thursday night the attention was so good that we were compelled to keep things going all the evening.

On Saturday night, after a heavy rain, we sallied forth, and God blessed us, and gave us one soul at the drum-head. This woman was so convicted of sin that she could wait no longer, but came boldly to the drum-head, and there confessed her sins and sought and found Christ, and then went away rejoicing.

On Sunday night Adjutant Johnstone, with his concertina, led the testimonies. Then his wife soloed, and Adjutant Hamilton read and spoke, and at the close a young lassie came out and gave her life to God. We prelate a life of usefulness for her. Only a fortnight since her father came out and surrendered himself. How happy both father and mother were to see their daughter taking this step. Hallelujah!—Corps Correspondent.

CONGREGATIONS ENJOY

Officers' Addresses—A Candidate Farewells

Lindsay Corps is still going ahead under our Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Campbell, who are doing their best to lead us on to victory. On Sunday, Aug. 13th, we said farewell to Candidate Moore, who has left to go to the Training College. We pray that God will help her and bless her as she goes to labour in God's Vineyard.

Our meetings this week-end were by Mrs. Campbell, the Adjutant being away on furlough, and we had excellent meetings all day. We received much help from Mrs. Campbell's talks. Sister Mrs. Woodford is visiting here from West Toronto, and we all appreciate a visit in which she has helped and blessed us.—L.

A COMRADE HOME

Safe From the Firing Line

Last Sunday at Mussel Harbour, Nfld., we had the pleasure of welcoming home Brother Peach, who has been at the firing line for four months, and while he has been surrounded with danger, we praise God for his safe return. He took an active part in the meetings and gave a stirring testimony.

Captain Davis has left us for other parts, but we praise God for the blessings received at his hands during the eleven months of his stay. Captain Rodway, who is here on furlough, assists in the meetings, and conducted recently the funeral service of Sister Brown, who has

KHAKI BOYS

From Camp Borden Work Well

The meeting conducted at Wykewood on Aug. 6th were of a very interesting character. The Holiness meeting was piloted throughout by Adjutant Urquhart. A very nice diet was rendered by Lieutenants Brown and Kemp, formerly Soldiers of this Corps. Bandman Weaver spoke from God's Word: his subject was "The Influence of the Spirit." His words were an inspiration to all present.

We had two open-airs in the afternoon; the Bandman worked well, and special mention should be made of the boys from Camp Borden. They certainly appreciated an opportunity of doing something for God while at their home Camp on the Sundays. God bless them!

The night meeting was conducted by Captain and Mrs. Bosher, from Rhodes Avenue. This service was held on the adjacent lot, back of the Citadel. A splendid crowd was present. The Captain's address, together with the singing of the Soldiers and the playing of the Band, was appreciated to the full; and we ended up the day with two souls in the Fountain.—Dydnus.

SOLDIERS ENROLLED

Crowds Picking Up—Good Times

Every week-end is becoming brighter at Edmonton II. God is with us in great power. Sunday night, Aug. 6th, one of our faithful Soldiers, Sister Mrs. Ward, took the lesson, and spoke very felicitously on "The Compassion of Christ." We felt His Presence very near.

A Senior and Junior Soldier were enrolled under the dear old Flag, and after the enrolment a number of our boys and girls stood in a group around our new Soldier and sang very sweetly. "Dear Lord, bend this Army Flag we make our vows to Thee." Their singing was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

While Lieutenant Pasmore is on furlough, Corps Cadet Annie Holmes (from No. III, Corps) is assisting our Captain, and is encouraging herself in us all by her enthusiasm. Our attendance at all the meetings are picking up. A beak-slender returned to the fold during a week-end meeting, and is now giving a stirring testimony to victory. God is with us.—Interested.

VICTORIES CONTINUE

Victory still continues at Orangeville. We rejoice with the angels in Heaven over seeing three souls return to the ever-merciful God on Sunday night, Aug. 13th. We are having good times; God's Presence is felt in every meeting; and deep conviction prevails. The testimonies given by different comrades are victory every day over sin, the flesh, and the devil. God's grace is sufficient. We are believing for greater victories. Every comrade is eager for the Salvation of others.—W. H.

Shadowgraphs

BY THE SHADOW

Splashing, gurgling, spluttering, laughing, shouting, happy Life-Saving Scouts—a hundred and twenty of them—all in the warm waters of Lake Simcoe at one time. Brown as tanhark; lissome as young leopards, and in their vari-coloured bathing suits, as gaily as the butterflies and the flowers, they present a sight good to the eye.

What meant the sounds of hacking, slashing, breaking, and crashing of branches and dead-wood that proceeded from the heart of the cedar grove? It is the Scouts wielding their axes and clearing the miniature forest of its dead branches and inconvenient undergrowth. They have great fun, and do good work.

Roaring, rushing, and illuminating the summer night there leaps up into the sky the flames of the bonfire of the said dead-wood, the product of axes and labours of the Life-Saving Scouts. Verily they, as they watched the blaze, had their reward.

And so at last the Shadow has been permitted to see the Fresh-Air Camp, and hear the favourable calculations of the Staff Officers. Shadow thought of the Queen of Sheba and her remark to King Solomon.

Monday (Aug. 7th) at 10.30 the camp station was alive with the said Staff Officers. To "kill two birds with one stone" is a trite old phrase, but expressive. It was a public holiday and so the Toronto Staff holidayed at the Fresh-Air Camp, and at the same time welcomed the new Chief Secretary and Mrs. McMillan.

Animation everywhere. Scouts swarmed in the waters and swam like fishes, or would it be more like frogs? Portly Staff Officers followed suit. At least some did. The aquatic education of others had been somewhat neglected in their youth, and they would it be correct to say, wallowed? But all were exuberantly happy.

A grand dinner was provided by Mrs. Henderson and helpers. By the way, Mrs. Henderson is to be congratulated on the excellent meals provided—despite the fact that two of her staff have been laid aside.

Who is that energetic, gray-haired, shirt-sleeved Officer of serious mien, so busy with the photographer, rushing hither and thither, gathering the Staff together at one place and posing the Scouts in another—and, wise man—getting the Staff photographed directly after dinner, when they felt at peace with themselves and all men?

Who is he? The Editor, to be sure! He has a hundred thousand readers to cater for, and spares no pains in getting the best of everything that's going for them. By the way, the principal artist on the staff of a Toronto daily recently said that the "Christmas Cry" is the best and most artistic publication printed in Canada. Watch that for 1916!

Mr. Editor, did you note the excellent speech made by the Chief, and the tender, sensible, motherly words of Mrs. McMillan and the hearty words of welcome by the head of every Department? (Sure, I say, Shadow—who could help being impressed?)—Ed. Then I say nothing

further, save that I heard a wonderful lot of praise words from a wonderful lot of Staff Officers about this wonderful camp. The bonfire at night was a great affair. It is observed that for some time after each meal the Staff officers are not in evidence. The kitchen staff are short-handed through illness, and so these good souls lend a hand at clearing tables and washing up. The Shadow felt a ripple of pleasure run through his nebulous being when he heard of that!

"Good-bye! Am sorry to leave!" "Feel quite sad at going!" "This place is altogether too fascinating!" This was the kind of talk Shadow heard on the radial line station on

the wrong place, such as a flower pot, without a saucer, on a clean, white tablecloth. Well, a cup of tea upset in the lap of the Commissioner at a recent dinner, need not have caused such a commotion, as it was only good tea in the wrong place.

A fresh crowd has just arrived at the camp, including Lieut.-Colonel Bond, Brigadier Morris, Majors Attwell and McGillivray, Adjutant Cornish, and others, with their families. All look happy, and expectant of good things to come.

Work has been apportioned to every able-bodied man for the day. (Concluded on Page 15)



Some of the St. John Scouts doing Signalling Drill at "Camp Keepsweet"

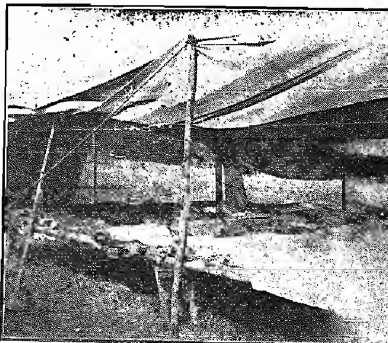
Sunday at the Fresh-Air Camp

THE COMMISSIONER

CONDUCTS THREE SPLENDID MEETINGS UNDER NOVEL AND LOVELY CONDITIONS

At the Fresh-Air Camp there is a cedar grove. Tradition has it that the tepees of the Redman flourished in its spacious spaces, but whether that be so or not, it is a fact that since the Scouts have cleared out the undergrowth and topped off the branches to a certain height, the scented cedar boughs form a glorious canopy through which only small patches of ethereal blue are visible, and the sunlight filters through as "a dim religious," no more intrusive than through the richly stained windows of some English cathedral.

A very commodious platform has been erected, with a rustic work front, quite in keeping with these surroundings, and, by the time this



The St. John Scouts recently spent a week in camp at Brighton, N.S. Above is a photo of their sleeping tent.

issue is in the hands of the readers, the main avenue to the grove will be graded with an imposing number of bearing the words in white letters of peeled boughs. "The Grove Meetings," Planks placed on stumps, capable of sealing about three hundred people, placed among the trees, made a novel and exceedingly pleasant auditorium.

The Scout Band, although in somewhat diminished numbers, owing to several of the Scouts having left for their homes on Saturday, rendered service throughout the day. A considerable number of people from the adjacent farms were present, and a very blessed spiritual time was experienced.

The afternoon service was largely in the nature of a farewell meeting of the Scouts, all of whom were due to leave on the following day. It was very informal, and thoroughly enjoyable. For a quarter of an hour Lieut.-Colonel Smeaton led the gathering in a sing-song—favourite choruses and songs—selected by those in the audience.

Then, after a solo, with banno accompaniment, by Mrs. Captain Spooner, the Territorial Scout Organizer led a quarter of an hour of songs and testimonies from the Scouts and their Leaders. Both sides paid splendid tributes to the camp and the treatment of those responsible for their well-being.

A very large crowd of local people attended the afternoon service. In fact, nearly all seating space was taken up. The Commissioner's address, which concluded the service, was a fine effort and greatly appreciated.

The night service was held in the open, for the thick overhead mat of cedar boughs in the grove made it dark early, but other reasons showed that the Commissioner's decision to have the service in the open space was wise, for bugles and automobiles quite surrounded the seated audience, while the residents of summer cottages and water-side hotels formed a considerable portion of the audience.

The meeting was held in delightful surroundings. On the east rose the woods, with their rich, variegated greens, and the tawny-sanguine sward. In front rose the imposing and picturesque main camp building flanked by the bungalows and cottages of the flourishing Officers. On the west, at the edge of a slope, commenced the green waters of the lake, deepening in the distance to ultramarine. Then rose the purple outlines of Snake Island and mainland promontories; the whole backed by a sky whose glowing colors shone down from rose mists to orange, then lemon, up to turquoise blue.

The lengthening shadows, the fading light, the tense faces of the listeners, and the leaning forms of those in the distant vehicles, eager to catch the words of the Commissioner as he related pathetic stories and gave tender admonition to old and young in that eager audience, made a scene at once of great beauty and impressiveness.

The Commissioner made good use of the Staff during the day, amongst the speakers being Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Smeaton, Major Attwell, and Ensign Henderson. The Editor, Brigadier Miller, Major McMillan, and Adjutant Cornish did good service as ushers in the afternoon, piloting the visitors through the maze of trees to the sleeping tents. It was a blessed day, deep, spiritual, thoroughly enjoyable, with a west wind that cooled the atmosphere just a little too much. These camp meetings hold promise of great future.

Russians at Prayer at Eventide

BEYOND the wood, close to the giant pines and tall birch trees themselves, the zigzag trenches face the German lines. Towards the east, the forest's safer side, a wide, flat plain sloped by a winding stream. From edge to edge the wood is two miles deep. One enters it and finds a town with rows and rows of bamboos of huts, whose heavy timbered roofs are just above the level of the ground. Two thousand men live there. One sees them resting on the open ground or cooking special meals upon a red wood fire or drinking tea or washing sundry clothes. But chiefly they are resting. They are tired men.

To-morrow—perhaps to-night—they go again to take their places in the trench. To-morrow—perhaps to-night—two thousand other men will leave their loopholes for a spell. Amongst the trees are cast-off rifles and empty tin. The wood shows the untidiness of war.

All day and night one hears the battle sounds—the thump, thump, thump of the shells, the chug, chug, chug of machine guns. But when evening comes there seems to be a lull, although the big-gun fire goes on without a rest. Evening brings sunsets in golden-purple skies that shade to turquoise in the East. Evening brings cool winds after hot, dusty days. And evening brings two thousand men to prayer upon the open plain.

They march to rotas from the forest's shades, the officers with danking swords in front. They line up on the plain to form a three-sided square. They stand with their fixed bayonets gleaming in the setting sun. The band plays a merry tune. The colonel rides up on horseback; the long-haired priest arrives on foot, and then the service begins.

It is wonderfully impressive. An order from the colonel, and the men stand at attention. More words, and every cap is doffed. The priest kneels in the centre of the three-sided space. The band plays a hymn—

So glorious is the Lord in Zion
That the human tongue cannot express it.
Glorious is the Lord in Heaven on His Throne;
In every speck of grass on earth is the Lord.

Everywhere is the Lord and everywhere
Shining equally through night and day.

The music stops. The men chant harmoniously—
Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.

The soldiers cross themselves and bow their heads.

Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven.

More crossing.

Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that trespass against us.

One hears the boom of guns across the wood.

And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the Kingdom,
The power, and the glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.

The soldiers bow themselves

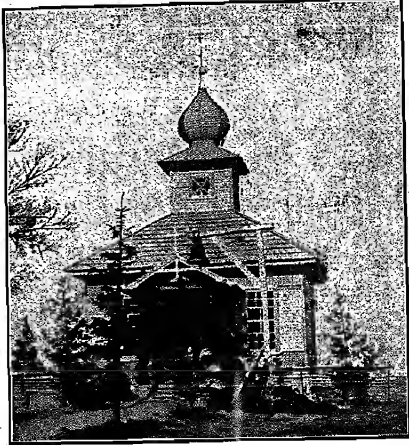
again. The colonel gives an order. The men kneel on the ground; their rifles lie beside them. The strong voice of the army priest, kneeling towards the East, rises up clearly—

Lord, Owner of my Life,
Forbid me the spirit of idleness, dishonesty, heartlessness, masterfulness and idle talk;

Grant me the spirit of chastity, humility, patience, and love.
O, Ye Lord and King, grant me to live there. One sees them resting on the open ground or cooking special meals upon a red wood fire or drinking tea or washing sundry clothes. But chiefly they are resting. They are tired men.

And to throw no accusation on my brother,
For Thou art blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

The men bow their heads to the ground, rise to their feet, and cross themselves. The band plays a few bars, then all the men sing together:



A Wooden Church on the Russian Front Constructed by the Sappers

"The little church, where regular services are held, like all the other new buildings of the hospital, was made by Russian sappers. These men are really wonderfully clever. With an axe alone they can do almost anything. Even the symmetrical dome was made with axes alone. Note the church bell erected near the wooden building."

Lord, save Thy people, and bless those that belong to Thee.

Give victory to our Emperor, Nicholas Alexanderovich.

And keep Thy people by the power of Thy Cross.

Hats are put on. Another command, and the men present arms; the officers hold their drawn swords in front of them. I stand apart with a group of other officers. We raise our hands in the salute, and then we stand throughout the National Anthem—surely the most impressive hymn of all. The soldiers sing the words, then cheer continuously while the service ends.

The soldiers drill into marching order, and go off to the tune of "Stenka Razin," played by the band. It is a favorite song of the Russian men. Stenka—the English is "Steve"—was a brigand-chieftain of the long ago who had the right they have to be called "the father of the Russian revolution."

The years have changed his deeds to acts of peace. There is a sadness in the tune.

Inded, in all the Russian soldiers

songs there is little of the cheerful flippancy of the English; sixpenny-edition ditties. Sometimes, it seems to me, the verses are as quiet prayers, the loud-rung choruses as hymns of returning thanks.

"On the river go the ships of Stenka Razin!"

begins the song. The river? The Volga, of course—the home of Russian legend and romance. Down its streams and across the Caspian Sea the brigand sailed his little fleet. The song is of a voyage back from Persia. Stenka has come to his well-beloved Volga with a load of loot. Also a princess—a beautiful princess such as a brigand man would steal. The Cosack's followers are jealous. They fear their master's love for them will win him a faithful, brave follower—nothing must ever come 'twixt him and them. He throws the lady into the river. All else is well.

The prayer meeting resulted in two little seeking parties, each with a triumphant ring. The Dostoyevsky was sung as we realized that God had put His seal upon the opening of this Hall for the glory of God and the Salvation of souls—L. H.

AT WINNIPEG VII.

On Sunday evening, July 30th, Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton conducted a rousing Salvation meeting at the Winnipeg VII. (Elmwood) Corps.

The officers and comrades of the Corps had been looking forward to the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton for some time, and they were not disappointed. From the beginning of the meeting to the close, God was present; His Spirit was at work, and in spite of the trying heat, the goodly crowd that had gathered stayed and gave close attention throughout.

The Commissioner was supported by a number of leading Staff Officers, including Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Turner, Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor, Staff-Captain Sims, Staff-Captain Tedde, Adjutant Walker, Adjutant Dennis, Mrs. Adjutant Pugmire, and a number of others.

Adjutant Walker and Mrs. Brigadier Taylor led us to the Throne of Grace in prayer, after which, following the second song, Mrs. Colonel Turner and Staff-Captain Sims each gave a few timely words of personal testimony.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton's words went home to the hearts of those present with persuasive power, and God's Spirit was at work.

The Commissioner's address was forceful and practical, showing plainly the penalties of sin and the blessedness of Salvation. Brigadier Taylor pointed out to their eyes and before long, one young woman and four boys and girls were kneeling at the foot of the Cross, seeking pardon. As they turned to their feet, their faces reflected their new-found joy.

At this happy juncture of the meeting, the two prayer meetings were joined. They took upon all these things as signs of cowardice, of fear or death and sneer at them as being beneath the notice of a brave man. "They regarded," says Mr. Reed, "the immense ravages of the epidemic with a sort of gloomy pride—as medical men in Europe regarded the Black Death."

Masking nasty medicines

USEFUL medicines that have many tastes are usually disguised with syrup, but a medical authority says: "Sweetness does not

mask the taste of a bad-tasting drug less disagreeable. Many a more or less nauseating drug is much better tolerated by dissolving it in a sour mixture, as in syrup of citric acid and water."

Fresh lemonade, orangeade, peppermint water, and effervescent waters are suggested as often preferable to sweet mixtures as media for administering nasty medicines.

HIS REASON

COULD anything better illustrate the point of self-sacrifice than the following anecdote?

One scorching day, when his comrades were nearly prostrated, he was seen carrying his own gun and another man's two cartridge belts,

vain, for he was helpless in the grasp of that vice. The panther never stole with half the stealth, to make the final leap upon his victim, as does intemperance creep upon its prey.

The human being for whom I have the greatest sympathy is the drunkard. Not that I admire the drivelling, idiotic counterfeits of man. Not that I condone his crime. Not that I can overlook the suffering and grief, and hunger, and what he has caused, but in his helpless, pitiable condition he needs sympathy and assistance. Strange it is how very often the sunniest, best-natured of men fall victims, and that demon drink transforms their nature so that we can call them by no other

name than devil. Yet they once felt that perhaps you do not ever dreamed that they would lose control, and here they are now, slaves bound hand and foot, ready to be cast into hell.

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the moon has climbed up in the sky. There are two broad, flat pools where the little white stream has widened. One is of copper, the other is a little violet lake. By the edge of the water are shrubs of cheremucha. The wood looks like a lake. Around the bushes the air is heavy with perfume.

"The victory must be ours," one officer says softly. "You could not have viewed the Russian men without a moisture clouding over your eyes."

We are silent for a few minutes, then Pavel Ivavovitch, little-haired, grey-bearded, speaks for all of us. "God give," he says.

THE WINNIPEG VII.

NEW HALL OPENED

(Continued from Page 8)

says, "Pardon my inquiry, O Lord, for it is great."

The prayer meeting resulted in two little seeking parties, each with a triumphant ring. The Dostoyevsky was sung as we realized that God had put His seal upon the opening of this Hall for the glory of God and the Salvation of souls—L. H.

AT WINNIPEG VII.

On Sunday evening, July 30th, Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton conducted a rousing Salvation meeting at the Winnipeg VII. (Elmwood) Corps.

The officers and comrades of the Corps had been looking forward to the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton for some time, and they were not disappointed. From the beginning of the meeting to the close, God was present; His Spirit was at work, and in spite of the trying heat, the goodly crowd that had gathered stayed and gave close attention throughout.

The Commissioner was supported by a number of leading Staff Officers, including Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Turner, Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor, Staff-Captain Sims, Staff-Captain Tedde, Adjutant Walker, Adjutant Dennis, Mrs. Adjutant Pugmire, and a number of others.

Adjutant Walker and Mrs. Brigadier Taylor led us to the Throne of Grace in prayer, after which, following the second song, Mrs. Colonel Turner and Staff-Captain Sims each gave a few timely words of personal testimony.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton's words went home to the hearts of those present with persuasive power, and God's Spirit was at work.

The Commissioner's address was forceful and practical, showing plainly the penalties of sin and the blessedness of Salvation. Brigadier Taylor pointed out to their eyes and before long, one young woman and four boys and girls were kneeling at the foot of the Cross, seeking pardon. As they turned to their feet, their faces reflected their new-found joy.

At this happy juncture of the meeting, the two prayer meetings were joined. They took upon all these things as signs of cowardice, of fear or death and sneer at them as being beneath the notice of a brave man. "They regarded," says Mr. Reed, "the immense ravages of the epidemic with a sort of gloomy pride—as medical men in Europe regarded the Black Death."

Masking nasty medicines

USEFUL medicines that have many tastes are usually disguised with syrup, but a medical authority says: "Sweetness does not

mask the taste of a bad-tasting drug less disagreeable. Many a more or less nauseating drug is much better tolerated by dissolving it in a sour mixture, as in syrup of citric acid and water."

Fresh lemonade, orangeade, peppermint water, and effervescent waters are suggested as often preferable to sweet mixtures as media for administering nasty medicines.

HIS REASON

COULD anything better illustrate the point of self-sacrifice than the following anecdote?

One scorching day, when his comrades were nearly prostrated, he was seen carrying his own gun and another man's two cartridge belts,

vain, for he was helpless in the grasp of that vice. The panther never stole with half the stealth, to make the final leap upon his victim, as does intemperance creep upon its prey.

The human being for whom I have the greatest sympathy is the drunkard. Not that I admire the drivelling, idiotic counterfeits of man. Not that I condone his crime. Not that I can overlook the suffering and grief, and hunger, and what he has caused, but in his helpless, pitiable condition he needs sympathy and assistance. Strange it is how very often the sunniest, best-natured of men fall victims, and that demon drink transforms their nature so that we can call them by no other

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NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS

SAVED BY SALT

REVOLUTION in surgical treatment has been introduced by a British doctor. The new method is called "saline irrigation," and a newspaper writer describes its manner of application as he witnessed it at a military hospital.

Lying comfortably in bed was a soldier with a severe shrapnel wound on the knee. The bedclothes that covered the upper part of his body were arranged in the ordinary way, but below the clothes were raised by a "cradle" so that the wound was quite removed from any possibility of contact with the coverings.

All the time as he lay there, salt water trickled gently from a glass tube on the wound, running day and night without ceasing, and all the time carrying off the poison from the wound and helping to heal it.

The saline solution—it is nothing more than warm water with five to ten per cent. of common salt in it—comes from an ordinary Thermos flask suspended above the bed, with a rubber tube conveying the fluid to the small glass tube.

After three or four days of irrigation, most septic wounds become clean and healthy. The salt penetrates to the seat of the poisoning and carries it off.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS!

SCIENTISTS are telling the American people that they are losing a thousand million dollars a year by reason of the reckless and senseless destruction of bird life.

The cotton-growers of the South are suffering a loss of \$100,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the boll weevil, an insect that bores into the cotton-stalk and kills it. Why? Because the quail, prairie chickens, meadow larks, and other birds which were formerly there in millions, have been swept away by thoughtless, reckless men and boys.

The grain-growers are losing over \$100,000,000 a year on account of the work of the chinch bug. They are losing another \$200,000,000 a year on account of the work of the Hessian fly. Both of these are very small insects, almost microscopic in size. It takes 24,000 chinch bugs to weigh an ounce, and nearly 50,000 Hessian flies to weigh an ounce.

Scientific men announce that there is no way on earth by which these insects can be destroyed except for the people to stop the killing of birds, absolutely and at all times, and let them come back and take care of the insects.

COWARDLY TO BE CLEAN

IN a recent work, Mr. John Reed describes devastated Serbia with a merciless faithfulness that makes the reader shrink with horror. Springs, streams, and rivers were choked with the rotting bodies of the slain.

Among the Serbians he found almost universal a curious attitude towards modern sanitation and preventive measures. They took upon all these things as signs of cowardice, of fear or death and sneer at them as being beneath the notice of a brave man. "They regarded," says Mr. Reed, "the immense ravages of the epidemic with a sort of gloomy pride—as medical men in Europe regarded the Black Death."

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On Tour in The Celebes

BY MAJOR W. J. RICHARDS

[The following is a private letter received from Major W. J. Richards, General Secretary for the Dutch East Indies, and eldest son of Commissioner Richards. He had taken a party of Native Colonists to Salvation Army Colony in the Celebes, and the letter throws such a vivid light on the country and its conditions that we make no apology for reprinting it.—Editor.]

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Meilijung, Bandoeng.

I was a day or two at the Colony without seeing anything of the marauders, and chafed the Officers accordingly, but at last fortune favoured us, and I saw fourteen wild pigs in rapid succession and a huge monkey, the like of which I have never seen for size, colour, and strength. It was a huge black creature, and was having a fine feed upon the ripening maize, but, when I saw it, it was so close to the narrow down upon it the brute calmly gave an arm full of the stuff, gripped a large piece of tree branch from the grove, and majestically up to the fence on the border of the forest and with a demoniac grin on its face, disappeared with a flying leap into one of the giant trees.

Huge snakes are bountiful, and I was shown the skin of one recently killed on the Colony which measured over twenty-three feet in length. It weighed 195 pounds and contained seventy-five eggs, and was in a starving condition, and had, therefore, tried to get one of the cows. The Colonists were glad that they, by the death of this monster, had saved themselves from seventy-five similar ones at a later date. There are thirty-five head of cattle belonging to the Colony, several buildings more or less ancient, and most of which are being rebuilt, and a flourishing Ceylon school.

The idea of the Colony is to bring over poor Javanese from the over-populated districts of Java to the thinly-populated districts of Celebes, so that they can become small, but independent, farmers, etc. As soon as they have learnt thoroughly simple agricultural work, and have saved a little money, a small house is built for them, and as much ground is cleared for their use as they can cultivate. If they are short of money sufficient cash is advanced as will allow a good start being made.

In return they have to repay the money they have borrowed by instalments in proportion to the income made from their produce on the land; keep their ground under cultivation to the satisfaction of the Director, and give one day's service per week to work on the Colony itself.

I visited twenty-five of these small holdings, and found a general air of contentment, prosperity, and satisfaction prevailing. Some have so far succeeded as to own a horse and cart and four or five head of cattle, and to be free of debt, which, for a Javanese, is always a marvellous accomplishment.

The following Monday morning I was off to Bora accompanied this time by Adjutant Veerhuis, with a horse and "bendie." A "bendie" looks more like a racing pig, colored for horseracing races than anything else; but it is the only kind of horse vehicle that can be used between here and the coast; so we made good time, and it was for a couple of hours, a change from a horse-back riding.

On arrival at Bora, there was a great crowd of natives, who sang us a not unmelodious song of welcome.

This is a hot, dry place, where the quivering heat of the sun is ever felt, while under your feet you feel the influence of the blazing volcanoes beneath. There is no fresh water in the place; drinking water having to be carried in from the spring two miles away, but boiling hot sulphur water bubbles forth here and there. Our Officers tried to sink a well, but at twenty-one feet the heat was so terrific that heat-exhaustion paralyzed the workers, and no more headway could be made, otherwise they might have succeeded in creating a new volcanic crater, which might have raised their fame, but would certainly have ended their days.

In honour of the visit two or three of their warriors gave an exhibition of their war dances. I had seen, I was told, and remembering something of some Javanese dances I had seen, I seized a spear and shield, gave two or three tremendous bounds in the air, accompanied by awe-inspiring shrieks and sturdy waving of spear and shield, with the result that the aforementioned warriors fled and sought refuge under the quarters, and finally surrendered unconditionally, while the crowds present fled helter-skelter from the new and unknown visitor, and had suddenly appeared among them, but no one was hurt, and it was a huge advertisement for the meeting that night.

After a cup of tea I was soon at work inspecting the books. I sat by the window through which, at intervals, I looked upon new and interesting sights.

"Captain," what means that large crowd of women coming up singing like baskets upon their heads?" said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "hundreds of people are already pouring in from the surrounding districts to the meeting-place for to-night's great gathering, and these Bora people are taking out all kinds of food to them in order to entertain them as honoured guests."

"Captain, what is that glistering in the sun? It appears to be moving down the mountainside. Slowly but surely it seems to be drawing nearer."

"Yes, Major; those are the men of the mountain tribes who are coming to the great feast and meeting to-night."

"What do you mean, my dear man?" At the door there is a shuffling of feet and the sound of unknown tongues. The Captain of the meeting-place for to-night's great gathering, and these Bora people are taking out all kinds of food to them in order to entertain them as honoured guests."

Again and again my eyes wander to that array of glistering metal, apparently increasing in size and speed, but presently it reaches a lower level, and disappears from sight. My mind once more concentrates itself upon the work before me, thus losing out of time.

Some commotion arouses me, and I quickly catch sight of a strange procession, headed by the Captain, who marches in the blazing oriental sun, bareheaded, coatless, and with sleeves rolled up, followed by solemn-faced natives bearing bottles of disinfectants and medicines. At the rear one native bore the Captain's helmet and the other his coat with a dignity becoming the bearers of sacred emblems of State borne in a royal coronation procession. They all looked and felt as though they had done their duty in some great and solemn undertaking. I thought, And how near the truth were those meditations.

It appears that sickness had suddenly appeared in Bora very early that morning, and it was feared that it was cholera. There is only one doctor—a military doctor—for the whole of Paloe Valley, and he was several miles away, so the only person to whom these natives can turn to at such a crisis is The Salvation Army Officer, and nobly do our devoted friends of the Salvation Army stand up to the conflict with disease and death in order that they may rescue the lives of their brown brothers, and later bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth and eternal life.

Thus, this Captain, with the small band of natives that accompanied him, attempted to fix cases, of which two died almost before they could be put under treatment whilst he was there.

In the meantime I heard the tramp of a marching host without and caught the reflection of the sun from one hundred and fifty spears borne by the stalwart mountain men, who had been on the march since the previous evening. Each man was fully armed with sword, shield, spear, and so, proud and war-like in bearing, they had come to hear the Gospel of Peace and to take part in the great feast of spiritual and temporal, which was being prepared for them.

The ground surrounding the Officers' Quarters has lately been laid out as a garden, so that when the rain comes a few flowers might be planted to hide the nakedness of the earth. Our warriors uttered the softest of earth of the prepared hills in order to implant their weapons, thus making a veritable garden of spears, the sun reflecting the blood-red points in such a manner as to vividly remind one that it is less than a dozen years since the whole country-side was ruled by the power of their spears and swords, before the white man had conquered them with cannon and shot.

First the headmen came solemnly into the house and were introduced to me by the Captain, and after the inevitable palaver, they issued their instructions to their waiting followers. Presently up stalked various members of this proud, stalwart mountain race bringing their offerings of fowls, eggs, sugar, pepper, tobacco, tropical fruits, including the ubiquitous banana, and various kinds of vegetables, until there was quite a large mound of the necessities of life given by these warm-hearted warriors.

The time for the meeting draws near; our armed friends assemble in their serried ranks and surround the Captain and myself. Away we march to the sonorous tones and the measured tread of our sturdy bodyguard to the trying place; there to be met by hundreds of other natives lifting their voices in songs of our Redeemer's praise.

Who can describe that meeting? Certainly I cannot do it justice!

"The native Hall, built upon poles, was jammed—! felt the hammer in the floor swaying beneath the ground below was packed with a sweating, dark, but eager, mass of humanity.

What a catastrophe if the floor gave way! But this kind of native work is to be relied upon, so the women and children who are gathered nearer to hear the Gospel news. The people from the surrounding districts were gathered together, and the various chiefs sat on mats of honour before me; the singing was powerful, the grunts of approbation to the Gospel truths, as they were made clear, were overwhelming, while the moments of prayer were the only quiet intervals throughout the night.

At the final appeal as to who would become Christians, the whole of that mighty assembly—chiefs, men, women, and children—rose as one, whilst outside could be heard the brandishing of weapons and the crash of arms as they joined in the great shout, "We will follow Jesus!" "We will become Christians!"

Words fail me to give any idea of the wonderful thrill that passed through my own soul—rose, and then passed through every soul in that vast congregation at that memorable moment. It reminded me of the Biblical account of that great shout that rose to Heaven from Mount Carmel when the children of Israel cried out in answer to the sacrificial fire that fell upon Elijah's altar and consumed the offering: "The Lord He is God; the Lord He is God!"

The meeting closed. I retired for a little refreshment. Great processions, even in bigger numbers than in the morning, were bringing in dainties and refreshments from the town of Bora for the great feast to commemorate the occasion, and when I returned to the house of feasting, food and eloquent prayers were being offered up to the Lord before a great altar of ground, and good things before them. The custom here, apparently, was brothers first, as they attacked the native things in relays; the sisters coming last.

In the meantime the sisters, probably having been wise enough to get a little food before the meeting, gathered into groups in accordance with the different villages they represented, singing the Salvation Songs as they finished their portion of the feast. First one group and then another, in proper Welsh Eisteddfod style, which gave full scope for native idiosyncrasies in music, rhythm, style, and poetry—it was entrancing and the only thing likely to stir my blood more is to hear a great crowd of Welshmen singing "Land of My Fathers."

I returned home, engaged in some more important work, retired to rest, and through the long, long night the gentle tropical breezes wafted towards me the sound of music from the distant waters. Later, I was told that they sang against each other until party after party fell asleep, and those continuing the ubiquitous "Land of My Fathers" were looked upon as the heroes of the contest.

Next morning I witnessed the distribution of the gifts—brought as offerings to the Officers—amongst the poorer classes of the natives, as the Officers and I went to see for ourselves. It will, of course, be understood that in such a tropical climate (this place being between the equator) that food cannot be kept very long, and must be disposed of at once.

Again this morning the Captain came to call, and immediately after breakfast to fresh chicken cases, and did not return for a couple of hours. In the afternoon I went to the house from which I had been driven to go that day, arrived. News came in that the medical and Gyn-

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ernment authorities were coming to find out the nature of the outbreak, and as the usual practice is to confine everybody for five days in quarantine, who are discovered in a cholera-stricken place, I felt it was time to move.

My work was done, so, upon the Captain's return, I gave him my final instructions, prayed with him, and, not wanting to go into quarantine and thus delay my return to Java, I mounted my steed, and as the aforementioned authorities trotted in and out of the place, the Ensign and myself were dashing out the other end at full speed, eventually arriving at my destination after a hot journey about a week's back.

My inspection work and meeting in the school in the Sebidi district was much on the lines of that already described, so I will only mention that at this place I found everything in splendid order.

Now my task in Celebes is completed, I turn towards my home in Java once more. The sun disappears over the hills as Ensign Jensen and I say good-bye to his good friends who have been so kind and courteous during the preceding two days. The night gets darker and darker; there is no moon; many trees gleaming in the distance with fireflies like illuminated Christmas trees. Soon the road is a mere rugged wicket, and on we splash, never knowing whether we are on the road or in the water, until a drenching splash reminds us to take care.

The darkness increases. Ensign Jensen, speaking about his failing eyesight, says that it was now raining so bad that he never saw danger until he was actually in the water. Now we have reached a more level piece of ground, and are riding ahead full speed, and my only guide in the darkness is the faintest glimpse of the Ensign's white coat.

Suddenly there is a yell; next moment a kind of instinctively discern a phantasmic horse and white figure wildly galloping in a sea of darkness. Instantly I swing my horse round to face the colleague more kicking round; but the next moment I am myself in the centre of a herd of buffaloes, wildly crashing past, one fortunately in terror plunging into the ricefields to the right, and left of us, to the accompaniment of ear-splitting yells and the cutting slashes of our whips, in such a manner as would no doubt have done credit to a Western Canadian cowpuncher.

While still fighting my way through, Ensign Jensen in the darkness yells out: "I'm through all right; where are you?" One buffalo found my left leg, but fortunately the brute glided on, and, with another yell and another slash, I was also through, thanking God I was alive and safe.

Ultimately I said good-bye to Ensign Jensen and Celebes, and the sister ship to the one I came out in, and had a much pleasant journey back to Java than the one out, and found a warm welcome awaiting me in Bandoeng. Thanks be unto God for His great protecting mercy during a tour of untold interest and I hope, usefulness. Yours ever affectionately—W. J. R.

A FACTOR IN SELF-RESPECT

You cannot keep your self-respect and be useless. Unless you are doing your share of the world's work, in any way or another, you cannot feel that you have a right to the air you breathe or to the sunshine that falls away from you. Honest work of some sort is the thing indispensable to self-respecting manhood and womanhood.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. Cosway, Lippincott

Sister Mrs. Cosway, wife of Brother Cosway, who was at one time Reverend, has gone home to her reward, after many months of suffering, patiently borne.

She was an old-time Salvationist, having been converted in 1880 at Bristol Circus. For some years she was an Officer. Eleven years ago she came, with her husband and family, to Canada, and they have been Soldiers of the Lippincott Street (Toronto) Corps ever since.

The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Owen at the house and at the graveside in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. A number of Officers and Soldiers were present.

A memorial service was held on Sunday night, Aug. 13th, when a large crowd gathered. Major Tarpin presided for the bereaved ones, and Mrs. Adjutant Owen sang patriotically "The Home Land."



Sister Mrs. Cosway

Sergeant-Major Pearcecroft spoke on behalf of the men, after which the entire audience stood while the Band played "Promoted to Glory." Sister Mrs. Evans, who spoke for the sisters of the Corps, stated that the sisters of the Corps, who had been so kind and courteous during the preceding two days, the Ensign and myself were dashing out the other end at full speed, eventually arriving at my destination after a hot journey about a week's back.

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THE WAR CRY

SHADOWGRAPHS

(Continued from Page 11)

velocities of the camp meeting facilities, and all are anxious to desire to "do their bit." Lieutenant Bonlow with his staff of assistants, is to make a picturesque arch to span the chief avenue to the grove where the meetings are held.

Brigadier Morris and Major McGilivray declare themselves to be experts with the crossbow now, so they have undertaken, with other willing helpers, to cut log seats for the grove auditorium.

Adjutant Cornish takes the high position of superintendent, with Major Atwell as his assistant. They are expected, by length of time and vigorous action, to be an example to the rest.

The Shadow was told that Captains Beer and Dray gave notice that they would take a record place to anyone for hard work in such a glorious cause as the preparation of this place for spiritual work.

Lately little meetings are held in the grove each Sunday, which are increasing in numbers each Sabbath. This morning was very windy, so the Commissioner was compelled to lift his voice high which the Shadow thought was a pity, as it made speaking difficult.

But the Commissioner got through, and the people were blessed and everybody happy.

But Shadow has many remarks about the Bible-reading and prayer at the end of each meal. "It is a self-reformer," was the statement of one.

The new grove, Church, Hall, or whatever the visitors are inclined to call it, was dedicated this morning by the Commissioner—a soul-lifting prayer and song. The platform, with its rustic front, looks very characteristic of the place.

Old Ben, the Indian Salvationist, is going to make two rustic chairs for the leader of the meeting and the wife, or helper. Well done, Ben!

Mr. Editor, Shadow hears that you are now hurrying in the deluge of the Simcoe Lake Paradise.

Did you join in the excitement, shouting, waving your hands, and generally add to the buzz and confusion when the special car containing the Life-Saving Guards arrived?

But what of the Life-Saving Scouts who are waiting to board the same car? They do not look over-enthusiastic; regret; sadness; and a certain reluctance rest upon their faces and form. However, a busy cheer awakes echoes in the forest as they catch sight of the overflowing carful of Guards.

What a lovely meeting that was on Sunday night, full of deep thoughts—Christ was the theme, and the Commissioner did well—so said the Shadow's informant.

Brigadier Miller, back from the above place, tells that the men are the "Obedient, unifying, them-selves." "Fine! Fine. A bunch of six have undertaken to cut logs for the service of God."

scaling the Grove Temple." This company is composed of Lieut. Colonel Hargrave, Brigadier Morris, Major McGilivray, Adjutant Cornish, Captain Beer, and Brother Goodier.

Lieut. Colonel Bond, with Captain Dray and Lieutenant Webber, are engaged in making a rustic entrance, so all are happy and useful, and the Commissioner is delighted with everybody and everything.

The Commissioner spent much time arranging for improvements and the preparation of the land for the next year's crop of vegetables, as it is intended that all needed for the children, Guards and Scouts, and Officers, shall be grown on the premises.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have given your readers all I possibly can gather of the proceedings at this camp. I can only add that the Guards have already made a marked impression, and are to be the "tree order" of the Commissioner that I have said enough about this place, I would like to continue.

NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE WORK

(Continued from Page 7)

led into the light through two of your Leaguers, who are prisoners here.

The third tray is labelled "Comforts for my fellows." As my fellows have allowed, I have tried ever since we started to supply the men's needs. Such small needs they often need. A "rectifier," a month's gear," being added to soap, vermilion, mazzos, stationery. A great many Bibles, Testaments, and hymn books have been sent.

It means much to a man to be able to get these things, and it is very encouraging to note the tree order of the Leaguers, even when under fire, insist on sending their free-will offerings towards the upkeep of the work.

The fourth basket, marked "Jones," brings before me the five flourishing English Naval and Military Homes. In addition to these we have little Homes abroad. The following pictures rise before me. A queue of men waiting to look beds. The disappointed faces of those who have "Puff Up." Crowded refreshment bars, ready for the first of men waiting to look beds. While men write letters, while others are sound asleep on sofa or floor, many little meetings at which many men have found their Saviour.

During one month we have had 1262 Service men sleeping in our Homes. At Chatham in the last month 1703 meals were served.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the way they meet the needs and similar Homes. A man told me once they were the places for Service men, because, he said, "Men have good food, civility, and a straight tip if a fellow wants it. The fact that they are always full of cheer is better than any words of need. Lack of funds alone prevent quicker extensions. These we are anxious for at Aldershot, and in Scotland, also at Harwich, where the Home is most popular.

The League, unlike purely local efforts for the Service men, is a national organization, and it is the sailors and soldiers all round the world, and helps the men who are hungry for food, and link up others for the service of God.

ARMY SONGS

LORD OF ALL

Tune—Rock of Ages or Wells,
B. B., 91.

Lord of all, Who reigns above,
Thou, Who dost the sinner love,
Listen to my feeble prayer,
Let me of Thy glory share;
Make me pure and free from sin,
Clean without and clean within.

I have wandered far away;
Help me, Lord, I humbly pray;
Touch me with Thy power Divine,
Let me feel that Thou art mine;
Keep me ever by Thy side,
And in Thee may I abide!

When my work is ended here
And I leave this mortal sphere,
May I have eternal rest—
Be forever with the blest
In that land, so pure and bright,
With the angels, clothed in white!

BEAUTIFUL STORY

Tunes—Silver threads or What a
Friend we have in Jesus.
Have you ever heard the story
Of the manger and the Cross?
Of that home and crown in Glory,
Where earthly gains count but as
dross?

How the Star shone in the heavens
To guide the shepherds to their
King?
Our Hosannas to the Saviour
Did that day in Bethlehem ring.

Chorus
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
To-day is born to us a Saviour,
Meek and low in Bethlehem.

From the mansion and the cottage,
From the hovel and the slum,
Sinners come to seek Salvation,
And there's hope for all who come.
Oh, remember Jesus suffered
Death upon the cruel cross,
And 'twas all for man's redemption,
That from sin he might be free.

Oh, just now He offers mercy:
Come, accept it while you may!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Won't you come to Him to-day?
From your guilt you'll get a pardon,
Freasing you from every sin.
Then at last, if you are faithful,
Heaven's glories you shall win.

HALLELUJAH!

Tune—We'll all shout, 193; S.B., 317.
Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures
Above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

Chorus
We'll all shout "Hallelujah!" as we
march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all
the day.

That sweet comfort is mine;
Now the labour Divine
I've received through the Blood
of the Lamb.
With my heart I believe,
And what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels can do nothing more,
Than fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Love of sinners adore.

WILL YOU?

Tune—Who'll be the next? 293;
Song Book 57.
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His Cross to
bear?
Some one is ready, some one is
waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to
wear?

Chorus
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the
next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come and how at His precious
feet.
Who'll be the next to lay every
burden
Down at the Father's Mercy Seat?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His
Name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free re-
demption?
Sing, "Hallelujah! Praise the
Lamb!"

PERSONALIA—Territorial

(Continued from Page 8)
Canada East, will be taking charge
of the Training College for part or
all of the first Training Session in
Canada West, pending the appoint-
ment of a permanent Training Col-
lege Principal. We extend to Bri-
gadier and Mrs. Phillips a most
hearty welcome to the West.

Brigadier Taylor left Winnipeg on
Friday morning to conduct the
opening meetings of the new Corps
at The Pas. Major Combs, who is
supposed to have commenced his
furlough, is accompanying the
Brigadier, and assisting him with
the week-end meetings. Captain
Blanchard and Lieutenant Still are
the Officers in charge of this new
outing.

Adjutant Pagnire reports a good
week-end's meetings in Regina,
where he spent a few days in con-
nection with the annual audit.

We are sorry to have to report
that Adjutant Carter has been taken
quite sick during the past week, and
the doctors have feared that an
operation for appendicitis would
be necessary. At the time of writ-
ing, however, the Adjutant is a little
better, and it is hoped that the
necessity for an operation will be
averted.

Brigadier Taylor and the Territo-
rial Salvation Singers are planning
a busy week-end on Sept. 1st, 2nd,
and 3rd. On Friday, Sept. 1st a
musical programme will be given at
Portage la Prairie; Saturday will be
spent at Camp Hughes, and all day
Sunday at Brandon.

The Salvation Singers have wel-
comed a new member into their
midst in the person of Mrs. Bram-
well Collier, the daughter of Lieut-
Colonel and Mrs. Turner.

RECENT CONVERTS

**Boldly Tell of Victory Through the
Blood.**

On Sunday morning, Aug. 6th, at
Dartmouth, in spite of the humid
atmospheric conditions, Captain Bel-
lamy led a rousing open-air meeting.
Recent converts boldly testified to
the cleansing power of the Blood of
Christ. At the Holiness meeting a
goodly number spoke of being deliv-
ered from sin; the Captain giving us
an edifying address on "Holiness to
the Lord."

In the afternoon Lieutenant Hic-
king led some inspiring testimonies
at a happy Free-and-Easy meeting.
A splendid spirit prevails at this
Corps. The comrades are backing
up the Officers in the extension of
Christ's Kingdom.—J. T. Wimble.

WE ARE

Looking For You

We will search for missing persons
of the globe, friend and foe, on a possible basis
of the Bible. Address: J. T. Wimble, 100
St. John's St., Toronto, Ont.
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of the globe, friend and foe, on a possible basis
of the Bible. Address: J. T. Wimble, 100
St. John's St., Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 1895. Height 5
ft. 1 in., age about 45, fair complexion,
dark hair, good teeth, dark eyes, last heard
of Jan. 16, 1915, at Deloro Mining Camp,
Ontario. Was formerly a soldier on the
"Orlando"; when getting lost and he
was going to the Cobalt mines.

JAMES RUSSELL, alias BIGGOTT,
1898. Left England for Australia in
1908. Last heard of in 1915. Last
heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.
Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

GEORGE HARRY MEADOW, No.
1898. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark
eyes, fair complexion, last heard of in
1915. Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

ROBERT GRANT AND WIFE, No.
1898. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark
eyes, fair complexion, last heard of in
1915. Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

ELLEN (or Nellie) SHANNON, No.
1898. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark
eyes, fair complexion, last heard of in
1915. Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

CHARLES HENRY SANDHURST,
No. 1898. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark
eyes, fair complexion, last heard of in
1915. Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

HARRY TURNER, No. 1898. Dark
complexion, brown eyes, dark hair, mole
on left cheek, height 5 ft. 3 in., age 27;
generally works in bush in winter and
in mine in summer. Last heard from in
Saginaw, Mich., U.S.A.

FRANCIS E. ORL,
No. 1898. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark
eyes, fair complexion, last heard of in
1915. Last heard of in 1915. Last heard of in 1915.

FLASHES FROM NIAGARA CAMP

(Continued from Page 6)

situation. (This speaks well for the
class of people The Army has
brought to Canada.) Seated in our
Recreation Room, we learned a little
of his story. It is a long story from
the Old Land to Ontario. But out
in the backwoods, far from city life,
we heard the call of the Mother
Land. It took him some months to
decide. He seemed to swing be-
tween patriotism and dollars. The
boss wanted him to stay, and he
had made good, but had a snug
banking account. But, like thou-
sands of others, he demonstrated
that his love for his country was
stronger than the lure of dollars and
prospects. No; he never
touched the booze or the "bacca!"
He was just a plain, homely-handed
son of toil, with a clear vision of
duty. He has gone to the front.

The work has its difficulties, but
the opportunities are unique. It is
the personal touch and the word in
season that tells. We are alive to
the need.

COMING EVENTS

COMM. RICHARDS

St. John's (Nfld.)—August 24-30,
Officers' Council.
Dildo—August 31.
Carleton—September 1.
Bay Roberts—September 2-3.
(Accompanied by Brigadier Green
and the Divisional Commander.)
All Guards and Scouts are expected
to be present at these meetings in
full uniform.

COLONEL McMILLAN

CHIEF SECRETARY

Lippincott Street—August 27,
Temple—September 3.
LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. CHAND-
LER—Collingwood, Aug. 26-27;
Dunaville, Sept. 2-3; Bramford,
Sept. 16-18.

BRIG. MOREHEN—Montreal 2,
Aug. 27-28; Morrisburg, Sept. 1-4.

BRIG. ADBY—Lippincott, Aug.
27; Hamilton 1, Aug. 29; Dover-
court, Aug. 31; Temple, Sept. 3.

BRIG. BELL—Ottawa 1, Sept. 2-3;
Fredericton, Sept. 5; St. John,
Sept. 6-7; Sussex, Sept. 8; Mon-
ton, Sept. 9-10; Amherst, Sept. 11;
Springhill, Sept. 12; Parrboro,
Sept. 13; Newcastle, Sept. 14;
Campbellton, Sept. 16-17; Mon-
real 2 (United), Sept. 19; Mon-
real 1 (United), Sept. 20; Corn-
wall, Sept. 21; Napanee, Sept. 22;
Kingston, Sept. 23-24.

MAJOR MOORE—Bramford, Aug.
26-27.

MAJOR CRICHTON—Pleasant,
Aug. 26-28; New Glasgow, Sept.
2-4.

COMMISSIONER SOWTON

Winnipeg 1—September 17.
Monroe, Jan.—September 20.
Vernon—September 23-24.
Nelson—September 27.
Fernie—September 29.
(Mr. Sowton will accompany)

LIEUT.-COL. TURNER

(Territorial Secretary)

Winnipeg—August 26.
Port Arthur—September 3.
Brandon—September 17.
Portage la Prairie—September 24.

KEEP THE FIRES BURNING

(Continued from Page 8)

of bloodshed and horror has a ten-
dency to make people callous, and to
divert their minds from spiritual
warfare. The enemy on souls
may be sure, is taking full advan-
tage of this. What a need, then, for
increased watchfulness and prayer,
lest our hearts should be hardened
by the deceitfulness of sin, and we
should be turned away from the
great task God has set his people.
The saving of the world
We must not let the enemy take
our trenches thus, or the next thing
that will happen will be a sinking
into a Laodicean state of thinking
we are all right, when we are all
wrong. What happens then is de-
scribed in Revelation 3:16. Let us
be on our guard, keeping the
home fires of love, faith, and zeal
burning brightly on the altars of our
hearts. Then we shall realize, as
the poet says:

"This world is full of beauty,
As after flowers of beauty;
And, if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

THE WAR CRY

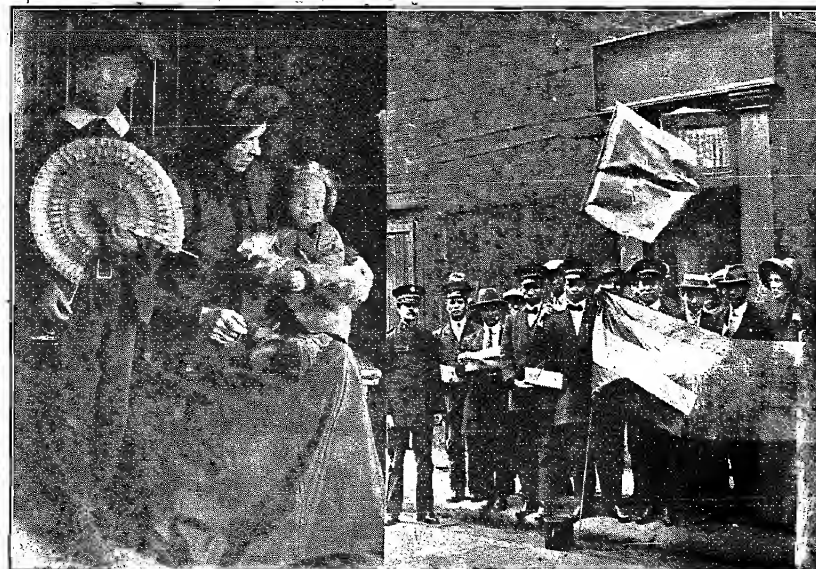
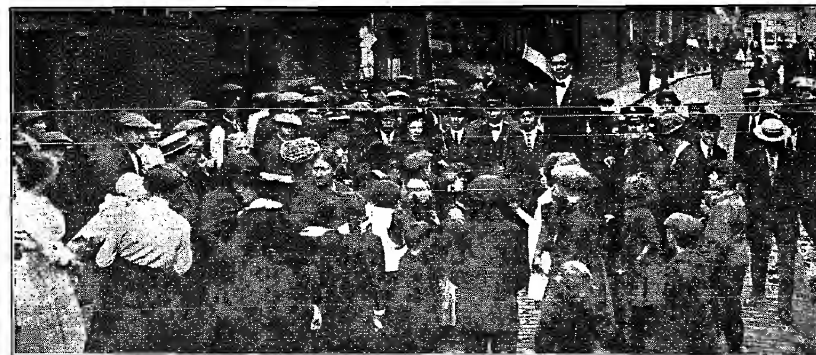
OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

William Booth, Founder.

Canada East Headquarters:
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

35th Year. No. 49. Bramwell Booth, General. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916. W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Two Cents



A CHINESE CORPS IN THE HEART OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY
In the top picture Comrade Ching Sen is seen testifying. The other photos show Adjutant Hine, with Chinese children, and some of our Chinese Soldiers outside their Hall. (See Page 2.)